

## might have thought by lymricks

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**Summary:**

And Billy *still* doesn't feel better, so he has to get in his car and drive to Harrington's house and beat the shit out of him.

Yeah, that will probably help.

## might have thought

Billy has been trying *really hard* to do something nice, because they've been together for a month, now, or whatever, and Billy's been pining for Harrington's pretty mouth for way longer than that. Part of the problem is he's been pining for more than his pretty mouth, but that's *fine* because no one needs to know that except Harrington.

Who would know it, if he were fucking here?

Billy had done actual research for this shit to work just right. He'd talked to Jonathan Byers, and he never talks to Jonathan Byers, but he'd needed to know what Harrington's favorite foods were, and Billy wasn't going to ask Nancy for that. Jonathan hadn't known either, so Billy had to talk to Dustin, and that had been *ridiculous*, but effective. Billy needs to warn Harrington that Dustin is maybe collecting some sort of data on him for an experiment, or something. It's wild.

*And*, on top of everything else, Billy knows that stupid little kid's name is *Dustin*. This is what Harrington's done to him, and they've only been dating for a *month*.

But they're maybe about to stop dating, because Billy told Harrington to be here right at eight o'clock, and it's going on eight forty-five, and Billy's pretty sure Susan's tupperwares are good, but he's not sure they're that good, because it's fucking cold outside and so the food that Billy spent most of the day cooking is going to get cold and.

And his dad and Susan are going to be back at ten, which probably means eleven, which was plenty of time if Harrington had shown up to this dumb fucking *date* Billy set up on time, but he's not here yet, and it's getting late, and so Billy should probably just go home.

He probably should, but Harrington had said he would be here and he isn't. Billy feels ready to vibrate out of his skin as *he said he'd be here, but he isn't* bounces around the inside of his skull. Billy doesn't usually believe people who say they're going to be here, but he'd believed Harrington, and that's his fucking mistake for getting caught up in those big brown eyes.

So before Billy can go home, Billy has to throw all of Susan's nice casserole dishes or whatever at a tree and he has to throw the blanket that he thinks belongs to Max over the edge and into the water, and he *still* doesn't feel better, so he *has to* get in his car and drive to Harrington's house and beat the shit out of him.

Yeah, that will probably help.

The lights are all off when Billy gets there. That's especially fucking weird, because Harrington is an all-the-lights-on-all-the-time kind of person, which is one of those rich people things that Billy figures he doesn't understand. They've slept together—like, spent the night—a few times, and Billy *hates* sleeping with lights on, but the one time he'd tried to turn them off Harrington had an actual fucking meltdown about it, so Billy always lets him keep them on.

Anyway, it's weird that all the lights in the house are out. That probably means Harrington's not even home. He and Billy had plans and he's out doing something else. Or someone else.

A muscle in Billy's jaw ticks. He slams the door to the Camaro so hard that a dog in the yard four houses over barks. This is the nice part of town so these are big fucking yards.

He pats the Camaro apologetically, like, "I'm so sorry, baby, I didn't mean to hurt you."

And the thought flits through his mind before he can grind it down, but that's kind of what he'd like Harrington to say to him.

Like, *right* before Billy breaks his nose or something, but it would still be nice to hear it.

The front door, when Billy tries it, is locked, so he goes around to the side of the house and hauls himself up. He's an expert at this because he's done it a few times, so even though the bruises on his stomach pull, a little, Billy can shimmy right up and push the window to Harrington's bedroom open. It's easy to slip through it. He never looks *cool* when he does it, but Harrington's apparently not fucking home, so no one is going to know.

Billy's going to piss in his bed or something and then wait here and break his nose. It is, on all accounts, one of Billy's better plans, and it has him feeling marginally better. Except when he walks up to the bed, already undoing the button on his jeans, he realizes there's someone in it.

Which, fine. He can beat Harrington up and then piss in his bed. Billy's not here to be *picky* or anything, but when he lifts his foot and jabs at Harrington's shoulder with the toe of his boot, Harrington does this thing.

That's the best way Billy can describe it. Harrington does this thing like he's scared, like he's trying to jump and curl against the wall, only it also looks like his limbs suddenly weigh forty-thousand pounds, because he really only twitches in a jerky, uncomfortable looking way.

Harrington makes this gross, wet noise that sounds almost like he's saying *please*, and it really stops Billy in his tracks because, huh.

So Billy—feeling real magnanimous because he could just piss on him—says, “Harrington?”

A year of Billy's actual life passes before Harrington manages to flop over so he can look at Billy. It's kind of hard to see in here, but Billy watches Harrington blink slowly.

And then Harrington *sneezes* and honestly it's pretty gross, but it definitely makes his body move.

Billy sees a box of tissues on the end table. He pulls one out and kind of drops it on Harrington's face. “What the fuck is wrong with you? I waited at that fucking quarry for like, almost an hour.”

Forty-five minutes, actually, but it took him fifteen minutes to break all the casserole dishes, so.

Harrington makes another one of those little noises and Billy watches, fascinated, as he grabs the tissue and kind of cleans his face up before he drops it off the edge of the bed. Another year of Billy's life passes, and then Harrington is kind of sitting up. “Time's it?” he

asks.

There's literally a clock right there. Billy picks it up and shows it to him.

"Dinner," Harrington says. "We were supposed to—dinner. I'm—I fell asleep. Sorry. *Fuck.*"

And it's not exactly *I'm so sorry, baby, I didn't mean to hurt you*, but something about how stuffy Harrington's nose sounds makes Billy want to break it a little less. He turns the light on and then he pretends that he doesn't see the way Harrington almost instantly looks like he feels safer.

Billy's pretty sure they should talk about that, soon. "You look gross," Billy offers.

"That's mean," Harrington mutters, and Billy doesn't tell him that considering he was going to piss in his bed and break his nose, it's actually pretty nice.

"Come on," Billy says. "I need to change those sheets. They're probably toxic or something," and then Billy's hauling Harrington out of bed by the armpits and he deposits him in the desk chair, where Harrington kind of lulls, but at least doesn't fall right the fuck over.

Billy's good at making beds. It's one of the chores he *has* to do *or else*, so it doesn't take him long at all, once he finds the sheets. This family has *way* nicer sheets than he does, so that's probably why he kicks off his boots and his jeans and his t-shirt and yanks on a pair of Harrington's sweats before he's hauling Harrington back into bed, only this time Billy's in bed with him, letting Harrington breathe his gross germs all over his chest. He does it because of the sheets, which are cool and soft and not at all scratchy against his skin or his bruises.

"That's nice," Harrington offers sagely as he settles down. He closes his eyes. There's literally no one else here, so no one else can see the way that Billy kind of brushes his fingers through Harrington's hair. He *definitely* has a fever. Billy's going to have to wake him up and make him drink some water, soon. Maybe some soup.

His mom used to make him soup. It's probably the right thing to do.

First, though, he's gonna let Harrington sleep for a little while, and Harrington's not even conscious, Billy's pretty sure, so there's *no one* who sees Billy duck down to press a kiss against Harrington's fever-hot forehead and say, "Happy Anniversary."

"You too," Harrington responds instantly.

And okay, so maybe there's *one person* who sees it, but like. Billy doesn't actually mind that much, so.

It's fine.

### **Author's Note:**

Title is from "Oranges" by Gary Soto, which is a [really nice first date poem](#).

I'm [lymricks](#) on tumblr too, so please come hang out with me there I love talking about poetry and these two dummies